GLENDALE—
The CITY of HOMES

THE GLENDALE EVENING NEWS

Daily Except Sunday

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF GLENDALE

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The CITY of HOMES

VOL. XIV GLENDALE, (LOS ANGELES POSTOFFICE), LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL., TUESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1919 118

FIFTY HAPPY YEARS

MR. AND MRS. R. D. R. TOPLIFF CELEBRATE THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

To few in these strenuous, life-shortening days, is it permitted to enjoy the great pleasure which recently came to Mr. and Mrs. R. D. R. Topliff, when the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding was celebrated at the home of their daughter, Mrs. H. V. Adams, 6920 Wilson Ave., Pasadena.

For this unusual event, two hundred invitations were issued, many of which were sent to old friends in their home state, Iowa, and not all of those who were bidden here could attend on account of the prevalent epidemic, but a goodly number were present to enjoy the pleasant program which had been prepared by the bride and hostess, Mrs. Adams, her sister, Mrs. Wheatley, and others, and cake and punch were served by way of refreshments.

Mr. and Mrs. Topliff were the recipients of many beautiful and costly gifts, among which were a china dinner set bestowed by their granddaughter and grandson, Robert and Irene Adams; $80 in gold from other grandchildren; a gold violet cup and candy tray from Mrs. Wing and her daughter, Mrs. Healey, of Glendale; a $5 goldpiece from Mesdames Dodd and Towne; a beautiful oriental vase from Mrs. Kornbach; large cut-glass vase from grand-daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Cook, and many other lovely and appropriate remembrances too numerous to mention.

Important items on the program were the reading of two poems dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Topliff, written by their daughter, Mrs. Wheatley,

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CHARLES SHROPSHIRE DISCHARGED

Mrs. Shropshire, of 145 Everett street, received a telegram Sunday morning from her son, Charles, saying he had received his discharge, but that he would remain in Chicago for a time and asking her to send his civilian clothes. It will be remembered that the steamship he was on was rammed and sunk, but it was raised and rebuilt into a gun boat which was about to be put into commission when the armistice was signed.

Mrs. Shropshire states that her daughter, Birdie, who is recuperating from influenza, is getting along nicely and hopes to be out soon.

MR. AND MRS. ROWE ENTERTAIN

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Rowe, of Orange street, entertained at dinner on Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Lutton, of Van Nuys.

Wednesday night they will again entertain at dinner, their guests on this occasion being Mr. and Mrs. Murray, of Los Angeles, who were married about five or six weeks ago and who will be guests for the first time since their wedding in the Rowe home. Mrs. Murray was formerly Miss Sayers and was a resident of Glendale for several months, making quite a circle of friends here. She and Mr. Murray are spending the winter in Los Angeles and expect in March to go to Michigan to the home of the groom.

EIGHTY-EIGHT YEARS

The venerable Samuel Parker, otherwise known as Father Parker, is today celebrating the 88th anniversary of his birth. Mr. Parker is well and happy today and enjoying the congratulations of his friends. It has been Mr. Parker's custom to commemorate his birthday each year by writing a poem but none seems to have been forthcoming this year. Father Parker has been and is a remarkable man. Unusually keen-minded in his youth he has retained those qualities of intellect that placed him above the average man. He has always been a deep student of national and world politics and distinguished himself as a poet, his songs having been sung on many important occasions. Many join in wishing this grand old man many happy returns of the day, but should the summons from above come before another year has rolled away, Father Parker is ready to answer the call.

CHAPTER L. MEETING

Members of Chapter L. of the P. E. O. are notified of an all-day meeting which will be held Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Emma Burket on Harvard street for the purpose of sewing for Belgian relief. The ladies are requested to bring box lunches. The hostess will serve hot coffee.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

PURCHASE LOT ON LOMITA ON WHICH TO ESTABLISH THEIR CHAPTER HOME

Announcement has just been made of purchase by the local chapter of the Knights of Columbus from Stanley Frentz of a lot west of and adjoining the lot recently purchased by the Parish of the Holy Family Catholic Church, at the corner of Lomita and Louise streets. On the lot thus transferred is quite a large residence which will eventually be converted into a K. of C.

In this connection it is of interest to know that a meeting of the Parish has been called for next Sunday at the church to elect a building committee, which will have charge of plans for the erection of a new church, school, parish house, and convent.

DEATH OF JESSIE MOCK

The many friends of Miss Jessica Mock will be shocked and grieved to learn that she is dead of double pneumonia following a second attack of influenza. She passed away at Mare Island and members of her family have only the bare facts conveyed to them in a telegram received Monday afternoon from naval officials at that point. Learning that she was ill, her mother went to her about ten days ago and was with her when she died. For a number of years she was employed in the City Clerk's Office in this city, where she was much esteemed as a young woman of exceptional character and rare business ability. On receipt of an offer of a fine position in the Navy Yards at Mare Island she went North in the early fall and had been there ever since except for a return holiday visit.

She had expected to secure her discharge from service as a yeowoman in February and then to return to Glendale and resume her work here in the office of City Manager Watson. Funeral services which will be in charge of Scovern, Letton & Frey will take place Thursday afternoon.

Deceased was but twenty-five years of age. She leaves a mother, Mrs. Jessica Mock, three sisters, viz., Bessie Mock, employed in the Public Service Department; Lois Mock, in the employ of the Pacific Mutual Insurance Company in Los Angeles; Violet Mock, and a young brother, Cecil.

ANOTHER PRIZE TAKER

R. Gilbert, of 622 South Columbus, was also in the list of Glendale premium winners at the big poultry show in Los Angeles last week at Coulter's old stand on Broadway.

He specializes on Partridge-Wyandottes and with nine entries succeeded in capturing ten premiums which he enumerates as follows: First and 2d on cock; 1st and 3d on hen; 1st and 2d on cockerel; 1st and 2d on pullet; 1st on pen; special for best display of Partridge-Wyandottes.

Mr. Gilbert maintains a flock of about 40 of his favorite breed and expresses the opinion that there hasn't been a better outlook for the poultryman in many years owing to the fact that during the past four years so many hundreds of people have retired from the business on account of the high cost of feed that for those who remain there is a fine chance.

For any one who desires to start in the business the enterprise will be almost certain to be successful.

Mr. Gilbert has lived in Glendale for 14 years and was the promoter who disposed of the Valley View Garden Home and Nevilla Tract. He is thoroughly acquainted with conditions and has seen Glendale grow from nothing to its present proud proportions. He well remembers when the High School stood on the present site of the First National Bank, a frame building which was afterwards wrecked and when there was not a solitary building in that locality except the frame house on the corner of Wilson avenue and Brand that is still standing.

OBITUARY

Died, Raoul Baillairge, at Hoquiam, Wash., Jan. 15th, aged 28 years.

Funeral services at Hollywood cemetery, Friday, Jan. 24th, at 2 p. m. Los Angeles papers please copy.

NOTICE

Ladies of the Holy Family Catholic Church are requested to meet tonight (Tuesday) at 8 o'clock, at the home of Mrs. Burnham, 301 North Brand boulevard, to perfect arrangements for a church bazaar.

PRICE FIXING OF HOGS TO CONTINUE

FOOD ADMINISTRATION DECLARES DEMANDS OF EUROPE WILL TURN PRESENT SURPLUS TO DEFICIENCY

(Special Service to Glendale Evening News)

Washington, Jan. 21.—The food administration announced today that it will continue its policy of fixing prices for hogs despite the protest which has been made on account of the heavy surplus. The administration declares that the surplus will turn into a deficiency by summer if Europe can get money and ships sufficient to move the pork it wants.

ARMOUR DEFENDS "BIG FIVE"

HE ASSURES INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMITTEE THERE IS NOT AND HAS NOT BEEN A COMBINATION

(Special Service to Glendale Evening News)

Washington, Jan. 21.—J. Ogden Armour, testifying before the interstate commerce today, sweepingly denied the charges of the federal trade commission against the "Big Five" packers. Armour closed his testimony by saying: "I say to you positively that we have not been for many years and are not now in any pool, combine or arrangement of any kind, either directly, indirectly openly, secretly or under cover. All such charges are entirely unfair and untrue."

He urged Congress not to pass the bills pending for licensing of packing houses, government operation of stockyards, refrigerator cars, branch houses and other adjuncts of the packing business. He declared that such legislation was reactionary, and that other lines of business would sffer.

Armour denied the charges that he had made excessive profits from the meat packing business. He said that during the past six years he had lost money in the operation of refrigerator cars, and declared he did not care who owned the stockyards as long as they were managed efficiently.

PREVENT ELECTIONS IN RHINELAND TOWNS

SPARTACIDES AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN BALLOTING IN GERMANY—PAN-GERMAN PARTY CARRIED NOTHING

(Special Service to Glendale Evening News)

Berlin, Jan. 21.—The Spartacus group prevented the holding of national elections in Hamburg and several of the Rhineland towns. Latest returns show that the majority Socialists carried Berlin by a close margin and also won Wortemburg, Mecklenburg, Lubeck and one other city. The Center party carried Fruburg, Waldeschut, Sackingan and Constance. The Independent Socialist-Spartacus coalition carried Frankfort and Brunswick. The Pan-German party carried nothing.

WORK FOR RETURNING SOLDIERS

SENATOR KENYON INTRODUCES BILL CALLING FOR HUNDRED MILLION FOR PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS

(Special Service to Glendale Evening News)

Washington, Jan. 21.—Senator Kenyon introduced into the Senate today a bill creating an emergency board of public works to provide immediate work for returning soldiers. The bill appropriates $100,000,000 to inaugurate a plan of public improvements.

WANT HIGHER WAGES

SHIPYARD WORKERS IN TACOMA AND SEATTLE CEASE WORK AT 10 O'CLOCK TO ENFORCE DEMANDS

(Special Service to Glendale Evening News)

Tacoma, Jan. 21.—Fifteen thousand metal workers in the Tacoma shipyards stopped work at 10 o'clock this morning, demanding higher wages.

Seattle, Jan. 21.—Thirty thousand employes of the Seattle shipyards stopped at 10 o'clock this morning to enforce demands for higher wages.

MORE UNITS OF 91st DIVISION

316TH TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY SLATED FOR RETURN. 346TH FIELD ARTILLERY HAS SAILED

(Special Service to Glendale Evening News)

Washington, Jan. 21.—The War Department announced today that the 316th Trench Mortar Battery has been ordered to prepare to return home and that the 346th Field Artillery has sailed. Both organizations are members of the 91st Division, composed of western troops.

CALIFORNIA ORANGE AND LEMON CROPS

(Special Service to Glendale Evening News)

Riverside, Cal., Jan. 21.—The Riverside Press of today published its annual estimate of the California orange and lemon crop. It estimates the orange crop at 34,450 cars and the lemon crop at 7,300 cars.

AS MAJOR LEE SAW IT

CONTINUED ACCOUNT OF HIS EXPERIENCE IN TRAVERSING THE WAR ZONE

Base Hospital No. 116, A. E. F.,
November 25, 1918.

Dearest Mother and Folkses:—

Here I am again after my leave back at the familiar surroundings of this valley. The letter I wrote last week from Nice I carried up and mailed from Paris. Therefore to resume: I think I mentioned the walks I took on the Riviera, especially the Grande Corniche road, and seeing the tropical base of snow-clad mountains. On my return to Paris I had a comfortable trip, having a couchette back. This is different from our Pullmans, which correspond rather to the Wagons-Lits. It is a regular compartment with three seats on either side facing each other, and at night the two extra passengers are thrown out and then the upper berths are let down and the seats serve as ones below, so there are four in a compartment; but these run transversely to the length of the car and are not much more than shelves, allowing sleep in a recumbent posture. We didn't disrobe, but I slept very well.

We were about three hours' late in reaching Paris, and therefore I had no breakfast, and I dashed out to No. 5 to see Major, now Lieut.-Colonel Tarnowsky for a few moments, to see whether he had planned for the week-end trip. I found Col. Franklin Martin, just landed from the States. He is a Chicagoan on the Council of National Defense. I ate hurriedly a lunch and changed some clothes, for I had left my large bag there, only taking a small hand grip to Nice, and then went in to the Gure d'Oleans at Quai D'Orsay to catch a 2:35 train for the Vierzon region. We ran along on time until we struck the main artery of travel from Port of Disembarkation to the American front, after which we whizzed along for four hours to go 30 kilometers (about 20 miles). Of course, numerous stops intervened. So I arrived at midnight and got my second meal at a Red Cross canteen, and slept at a Casual barracks that they maintain.

I found this place of 40,000 before the war, now over 100,000, owing to munition plants, etc., and the streets were crowded with French and American S. O. S. troops. A very fine cathedral and old buildings of the Chateau period adorned the town, while the countryside was gentle and mild compared to that of the Riviera. The canteen ran most all day and was crowded always. I took a 3 a. m. train from here for Paris and arrived on time; for variety at 7:45 had petite dejeuner at the station and then went out to Auteuil, repacked my bag, and about 10 motored down to Red Cross Headquarters with Tarnowsky. I saw Mr. Warnery, the Opera Tenor, who sang in Chicago, and a friends of Col. Tarnowsky's, who lives at Auteuil, but who lately has been at Gannes, near Nice.

Arriving down at Hotel Regina we picked up Col. Martin and a Red Cross captain and started out, leaving Paris along the highway east of Chateau Thierry. At Meaux, which is where the Huns reached their greatest advance in 1914, we planned to lunch and were surprised to find we couldn't get anything at hotel nor cafe, because it was after 1, and the law forbade serving food between 1

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RETURN TO UNIVERSITY

The University Unit, which has been sojourning in Glendale for several weeks since influenza closed the State University, left for Berkeley, Monday, the party including Marjorie Imler, Dorothy Williams, Rebecca Gregg, Wayne Smith, Walter Beach, Iris Bannock, Katherine Renshaw.

JOHN COLLEGE EXPECTED

John College of the Chandler Tract, who has been in the army overseas, was expected to reach New York Sunday. His parents have not heard directly, but are hoping he will soon be with them. Ed White, who is in Battery F, Coast Artillery, and whose parents reside on Central avenue, this city, was also due to reach New York about the same time.

HONOR PASTOR

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Chase, of Riverdale Drive, entertained at dinner Sunday in honor of Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Marsh, who has been acting pastor of the Glendale Congregational Church in the absence of Mr. Willisford. Covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Yard and their son, Waldo, and for W. Francis Gates, of Los Angeles, the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chase.

P.-T. A. FEDERATION

REPORTS RECEIVED AND MANY EDUCATIONAL MATTERS ARE DISCUSSED

The Glendale Federation Parent-Teacher Association held its regular monthly meeting on Monday, Jan. 20th, at 2:15 p. m., in the Library of the Intermediate School, Mrs. A. A. Barton presiding.

Splendid reports were given by the various chairmen, although some curtailment of work through the closing of the schools was in evidence. The president, Mrs. A. A. Barton, announced the First District Conference of California Congress of Mothers to be held Jan. 30th at First and Broadway, Los Angeles, all day. Juvenile Laws, Education, Federal Legislation and Pending State Legislation are among the subjects to be discussed by the women in attendance.

Among those speaking will be Mrs. Harvey Trowbridge, Mrs. Elizabeth McManus, Mrs. W. Y. Thornburg, Mrs. W. A. Galentine, Mrs. Howard Trotter, Rev. George Kenngott and Mrs. W. E. English. Delegates are requested to bring box lunch, cup and sugar. Coffee will be served.

Superintendent R. D. White spoke on Legislative Propositions and Important Measures to Come Up, and said in part: "We are facing an educational crisis as shown by war conditions. Not only must children be trained in the cultural sense, but they must be trained for definite life work."

Mr. White also spoke on Increased State Support and "Increased County Support of Schools.

Dr. Jessie A. Russell, State President of the California Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations, was present by invitation of Mrs. A. A. Barton to report the investigation of the Ventura Home for Girls.

FIFTH BIRTHDAY

James Alspach, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Alspach of South Mariposa street, was the guest of honor at a little party given last week by Mrs. Alspach in celebration of his fifth birthday. It was his first function of that sort and he was much excited and very happy over it. The guest list included Mrs. Farnham and her little daughter Kathleen, Mrs. Hall and her little son Paul, Mrs. Evans and her young daughter Carol May, Mrs. Boring and her son Charles and Albert Alspach, brother of the celebrant. A birthday cake bearing five candles, and an abundance of ice cream, furnished highly satisfactory refreshments.

WOUNDED WITH SHRAPNEL

Robert Abarta was a welcome guest in Glendale a few days ago, calling upon old friends here. He has just returned from overseas where he did his bit for Uncle Sam in manly fashion as a soldier, but not without paying the price of an encounter with the Hun. For two months his family heard nothing from him. Then they learned that he was in a base hospital recovering from three severe shrapnel wounds in the left shoulder, left breast and abdomen. He is doing nicely to date and expects to recover completely. He is with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. R. Abarta and family who are now living at Wilmington, Mr. Abarta and his son, Martin, being employed at the shipyards.

WORK FOR STAR

Mrs. Dan Campbell is having a week off after quite a strenuous itinerary of engagements to attend and assist at installations of officers of Eastern Star Chapters, she having the office of Grand Chaplain for the State and being much in request at important functions of the order. She states that a trip to King City to meet the Grand Matron and accompany her on a tour of the coast was planned for a group of Grand Officers this week, but on account of influenza, everything was called off.

GOOD RETURNS

Mrs. Bacon, the chairman of the Red Cross Branch, which meets in the city building at the corner of Brand and Los Feliz Road, reports that the December returns from the shop maintained on San Fernando Road in the old Mercantile Building, totalled $100. The branch now has a membership of about 525. Mrs. Bacon states that the Armenian Drive in that section of the city was also a success.

WEATHER FORECAST: Fair tonight and Wednesday.

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GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA, TUESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1919.

TOO MUCH POWER IN THREE MEN

Editor Glendale Evening News: I note in your issue of yesterday that over in Illinois various municipalities are taking steps to have the law repealed which has saddled on that state a Public Utilities Commission which seems to have a special liking for the public service corporations. It seems to me the time has come in this state to begin to take steps to relieve ourselves of the Railroad Commission, which is costing us a very large sum of money to maintain, and which seems to have outlived its usefulness so far as the public is concerned.

It is a serious mistake to put so much power in the hands of three men, who, in turn, must depend for their official information on employees of the commission. These three men, in the very nature of things, must, in a majority of cases, base their decisions on the findings of clerks and assistants. It would be impossible for them to personally gather the information upon which they base far-reaching decisions affecting the comfort, convenience and fortunes of large communities of people. As there seems to be no appeal from their decisions, they constitute a sort of supreme court, and the public is helpless, and can get no relief where the commission happens to be mistaken in its decisions. The people have no say as to the personnel of this commission. If the Governor by mistake appoints a man already favorable to the corporations, or susceptible to undue corporate influence, the public is going to get skinned as sure as fate, for one man on a commission of this size wields a large influence.

The commission seems to have the power to wipe out contracts the people have made with the public service corporations, and we have no redress. You recall our contract with the gas company, whereby we were to have the same low rate in Glendale that might be given to Los Angeles. This contract was brushed aside. It was simply another "scrap of paper." The telephone company's franchise called for free tolls to Los Angeles, and our community received much of its growth because of this advantage. Hundreds of commuters came here that would never have come had they known this contract was subject to revision upward by the Railroad Commission.

One can ride ten miles or more in Los Angeles for five cents, but it costs fifteen cents to ride from Ivanhoe Junction to Broadway in Glendale—a distance of about two and one-half miles. The Railroad Commission affords no relief for a hold-up like the one last mentioned.

As a matter of fact, it is time that municipalities should have returned to them their rights to deal with the corporations that serve them. If the telephone company allows its service to get so poor that it takes from one to five minutes to get a local connection at "central," we ought not to be compelled to send to Sacramento for relief. We ought to be able to call the police and have such a wrong righted at once without red tape.

The Illinois municipalities are on the right track. The sooner we get rid of this Railroad Commission incubus, the better it will be both for the people and for the corporations. For if the present tendency to gouge the public continues we are likely to have legislation which will go to the other extreme and unduly punish these corporations for their greed. J. F. LILLY.

OUT OF TOUCH WITH THE PEOPLE

Facts which have come to light in the past few years in our own community, and reports that we have been reading in the newspapers published in various states, all tend to show that the telephone corporations, which are now understood to be under one general management, probably with headquarters in New York, are gradually encroaching on the rights of the people to such an extent that conditions have become almost unbearable.

The one great object desired by this large corporation has been obtained, that is the putting out of business of almost all competitive mutual companies. Now that these competitive companies are out of business, the Bell-Sunset-Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co.—Southern California Telephone Co.—or under whatever name the company may be doing business—enforces the most rigid rules and puts into practice so many red-tape requirements that telephone service becomes a burden instead of an aid in carrying on business transactions. In the early history of the Sunset Telephone Co. in this section of California courteous business methods were put into practice, residents were solicited to install phones, and in case of change of location the expense of moving the telephone was kept down to the minimum. Now that the company has become overpowerful, almost prohibitive fees are required before a phone may be installed, and often after this fee has been paid the subscriber will wait for months before getting the benefit of telephone connections. In case of changing the location of a telephone instrument in a dwelling house or in a business office, a written order must be given and after such order has been filed it is often several days or a week before the change is made, and when it is made it is at a cost that is inconsistent with the work necessary to make the change.

The main difficulty seems to be that the powers that be have gotten out of touch with the people whom they are serving. The men who are dictating the laws which shall govern the telephone exchanges are men who occupy offices in twenty-story buildings in New York City and are entirely out of touch with what the people of local communities need, and it may be in place to state that they make no effort whatever to get in touch with what the local people need.

From year to year the burdens imposed upon telephone patrons become greater and greater, and this being true, the subscribers might as well band themselves together now and organize for self-protection. The utility commissions, according to reports from various parts of the United States and, we are sorry to say, from our own state, are sympathizing with the interests of the telephone corporation, and now it is strictly up to the people to act and act quickly, whether it be in the form of voting out the power given to the utility commissions or organizing mutual and municipal telephone systems. Silence on this question means the imposing of additional burdens on the patrons.

AS MAJOR LEE SAW IT

(Continued from Page 1)

and 5. It looked dubious until, finding a French hospital, this Tarnowsky's diplomacy and excellent French, we got the chef of their officers' mess to get us a luncheon. We started almost immediately with tinned cold pork as our first course, immediately followed by an omelette, then cooked meat and French fried potatoes, then excellent cheese, coffee with sugar, and nuts. A very creditable dinner as if we had been expected, and considering the surprise and rapidity of preparation, quite marvelous; and we were not allowed to pay, except in the way of a tip to the cooks. We ate heartily, for the air had been crisp for our ride, a heavy frost having fallen the night before, and even a bright sun not making much improvement in the temperature.

Our hunger satisfied, we resumed our trip, soon reaching the Belleau Woods, where our boys made their real debut as saviors of Paris, then down into a hollow through Vaux, our first completely battered-up village and the one where American artillery first demonstrated its efficiency. It lay in a little valley and was completely shattered, though walls and even portions of roofs were still in evidence, and it was indubitably a village in contrast to some we saw later, where the guage of battle had been much more prolonged, and returning attacks had successfully aided in the complete razing of everything. On to Chateau Thierry we went and here the sun had set and darkness was coming on. We turned north now and went along the highway from Chateau Thierry on the Marne, north across the hills to Soissons on the Aisne River, going through Fere-en-Tardenois, Ourchy-le-Ville and Ourchy-le-Chateau, all of which names you remember figure in the reports of July and August. They were about like Vaux in condition and the intermediate ground showed war conditions, too, but not like that later seen.

We ran into Soissons in the dark about 6 and found this town a city of 40,000, deserted, except for a few French soldiers on guard. No lights, stores, hotels, cafes, civilians or other signs of life—Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" plus indescribable ruin. What to do for the night was the immediate question. Again our Conductor Tarnowsky went out, into the darkness, on a search. After some time he returned to where we were waiting in the car, and led by him we proceeded to where the Commander's office was. We parked the car in a courtyard somewhat cleared of debris, and then were shown up to the second floor of this three-story building, where were a few beds and chairs in desolate rooms. Here we formed a table by putting my case on a chair with two shelves from a wall cupboard crossway on it as a top and spread our evening repast, fortunately brought with us, some bread and butter, "corn willy" and "Pinard," obtained from a French canteen, as a beverage; then we turned in on the ruined beds and mattresses, fully clad, even to keeping on our overcoats, or in my case, mackintosh, with its inner lining. In the morning, inspection of the third floor showed considerable parts of the roof and floor shot away. I slept fairly well with my head wrapped up in some underwear from my bag, though it was cold enough to freeze water one-half inch thick, and the frost still continued the whole of the following day outside of the direct sunlight. We didn't sleep late, and early made excursions in the dim morning light to get impressions.

Imagine Joliet with no signs of life, houses all showing some damage, from an extreme degree where only portions of the walls were standing, to minor degrees where, perhaps, only the end of a building was shot away, and the floors more or less unstable and partly fallen had household belongings hanging perilously out; or with just six-foot holes clear through everything. Added to this all the walls were speckled with the gouges of e'clat from busting high explosive varying from the size of a pea to that of a cocoanut. The cathedral had a great part of its roof collapsed, though the facade preserved much of its outline, save that the tower rose with only one mangled corner extending far up in such apparent insecurity that one might expect to see it collapse momentarily. Another large and beautiful church with twin towers of elaborate ornate carvings had one of them with about one-half of its back just crumpled away from base to top and elsewhere marked up in less continuous fashion, but it was a ruin on closer inspection. The streets had been cleaned up, though in many places the debris was piled high along the sides as our snowbanks are, and one also saw some evidence of repair in shored up holes in buildings here and there.

At 7 we saw a number of squads of German prisoners marched by to their work, each with its French guard. I suppose there are quite a number there doing work of repair and they looked without exception warm and well-fed, in sharp contrast to the reported condition of prisoners returned from Hunland. We had breakfast much as supper had been, but did obtain a hot cup of chocolate at the canteen, and managed to get a little French bread to take with us, as our was now fini. No chance to wash or shave! An abandoned city! The French Government does not yet allow civilians back in this region, for there is much combing out to do of unexploded shells "Duds" as they are called, and the transportation is scant for any save military necessities.

Just as we finished our drink a French machine gun battalion marched by, evidently coming back to rest, and this showed the business side rather than the panoply of war. With them out of the way we started, crossed the Aisne on temporary plank bridges beside the demolished remains of stone-arched bridges and out past where military engineers were already at work on the abutments for a new railroad bridge across the highway, where a huge gap showed prominently in the embankments on either side, the site of one demolished, and where the temporary track for military use ran along at the base on the low ground. Here we began to see the extreme degree of destruction, for Soissons has been a cockpit of war, captured in the first drive, recaptured in 1917 by the French, only to be swept over again this spring back and forth.

Through suburbs having the arid look surrounding steel works or blast furnaces, but without their orderliness, we started up the hills on the north side of the valley. These were about the height of the bluffs on the west side of Joliet above the river, and as we climbed the hills we came upon the famous stone quarries where troops were kept safe from cannon fire. We explored some of these caverns. They extended much farther in than we cared to go with only our electric flash lights, but all showed the use they had been put to—rude bunks, furniture, some quite elaborate in its pristine state, broken equipment, shells still unfired, hand grenades shaped like potato mashers, tangled and broken debris. We were careful not to fool with munitions and such, but picked up some Boche helmets and a few like souvenirs.

Then we went up the hill and over to the Chemin des Dames, past the sugar factory so oft mentioned in the fighting of 1916, now just a pile of masonry and wrecked machinery in a desolate heap. Here the country was pitted as with small-pox and much of the ground looked like a lot where wagons dump clay, in the ir-

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He Has No Family

By David Hinshaw

A little boy, one of the 400,000 homeless, orphaned starving waifs which the Committee for Relief in the Near East is caring for, after being washed, fed and put to bed, cried for bread. When the worker gave him bread he went to sleep, with it tightly clutched in his little hand. When asked later on why he was not eating the bread he said with piteous intensity "I don't want it to eat, I just want to—to, hold it in my hand".

A form of punishment frequently practiced in American homes is sending a child to bed without his supper. The entire household is disturbed throughout the evening over the thought of the hunger of the little one so punished. Some warm hearted member of the family, most frequently the mother, is quite likely to carry food to the little culprit.

Our hearts are moved and rightly moved at such a time. Our punished child has family, home, friends and food, except for one evening. The little fellow in the Near East who wanted only to "To—to hold it in my hand" had neither family nor home. He had for friends only those persons in distant America who had contributed to keep him alive. He was hungry, not for one evening, but weak and pitiful from long starvation. No misdeed of his caused this gnawing hunger. A cruel war and a barbaric practice were responsible for his condition. Seventeen cents a day, five dollars a month will care for him and each of the hundreds of thousands of needy children of his race. Shall America leave him without home, bed, food or friends? He has no family.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Three-burner gas plate and 18-inch oven, good condition. Call at 615 S. Louise St.

FOR SALE—Six-room, modern bungalow, east front, two bed rooms and disappearing bed in den. Paneled breakfast room. Large garage and cellar. Price only $3,800. 529 N. Louise St. 118t5*

FOR SALE—A No. 1 Ford touring car, balanced weight on crank shaft, Dosh distillate heater in first-class condition. Inquire 1303 So. Glendale Ave. 118t3

FOR SALE—Rabbits. J. H. Bellan. 1145 E. California Ave. Phone 1025-W. 117t2*

FOR SALE—Buick 4, touring 1912, completely rebuilt to modern lines, including left-hand drive, battery, lights, trunk, etc. Classy little car and in first-class condition, $500. Tel. Gl. 555-W. 243 No. Belmont, Glendale. 118t3

FOR SALE—Good, second-hand garage, also estimates on new buildings or remodeling, evenings, after 6 p. m. 605 Milford St. 118t2*

FOR SALE—Seven-room chalet, completely furnished, garage and fruit trees, for cash. No agents. 361 Salem St. 118tf

FOR SALE—New Burroughs adding machine; also 24 feet of building for chickens, and wire netting. Phone Glendale 425. 118t2

FOR SALE—Modern, five-room bungalow, one block from Brand, 1707 Gardena avenue. Would consider good used car and some cash as first payment; balance terms. 118t2*

FOR SALE—Chicken house in splendid condition, new. Also three Rhode Island White cockerels. Address 375 Salem St. 118t3*

FOR SALE—Seven-room, modern house, garage, fruit trees, chicken pens, lawn and flowers. See owner, 375 Salem St. 118t3*

FOR SALE—Parlor stove, open or closed, burns coal or briquets. Good condition, $3. 517 Milford St. 118t1*

FOR SALE—Group of five lots, one block from car line. Good for a court. Will exchange for modern six or seven-room house and lot, also will sell one horse, buggy and harness. 327 Madison Ct. 116t7*

FOR SALE—Sixty White Leghorn one-year-old hens, McFarland strain. 1131 E. Eighth on Adams. 115t4*

FOR SALE—Collapsible go-cart, $3.00. Glendale 916-J. 117t2*

FOR SALE—Ford touring car. Good mechanical condition; bicycle almost new. Both less than half price. Glen. 248-W. 115tf

FOR SALE—Good horse, rubber tired buggy and harness—all $25. Phone Glen. 81-J. 115t6

FOR SALE — Apartment house, eight rooms, two baths, three kitchenettes, some furniture. No trade. Price $4000.00. See owner. 120 South Glendale Ave. Phone 100-J. 115t6*

FOR SALE—Nice little home place with four-room house and bath. Lot over 300 feet deep, and 50 feet wide, improved street, fruit and flowers. Price is $1500, and will accept payments of $15.00 per month. Vacant. Just right for chickens and garden. SEE IT. No. 831 North Louise St. 112tf

FERTILIZER—Now is the time to fertilize your lawns, flowers and gardens. Get your fertilizer from White's dairy, phone Burbank Green 24. Address Route A, Box 283, Burbank. 76tf

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Teams for plowing, harrowing and hauling. Phone 408; evenings, 884. Chas. W. Kent & Son. 71tf

FOR RENT—Unfurnished upper story of my private house, four rooms and bath, one-half block from car line. Glendale 55-J. 118t1

FOR RENT—Hoover Special Suction Sweeper. $2.00 per day. J. A. Newton Electric Co., 631-633 East Broadway. Phones Glen. 240-J; Home 3003. 299tf

WANTED

WANTED—Washing and ironing by hour or day. Mrs. Cunningham, 134 Columbus Ave., Glendale. 118t2*

WANTED—A boy with some mechanical ability to work in our automobile salesroom, answer 'phones, etc. Call between 8 and 10 o'clock Tuesday morning. Overland Agency, Brand and Colorado. 117t2

DRESSMAKING—Plain sewing at home or by the day. Gl. 930-R. 115t4.

WANTED—Girls and women to make fruit baskets.. Apply Los Angeles Basket Co., Tropico. 206tf

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General Building Construction.
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Studio rented for private theatricals, parties, dances and lodge work.

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FIRE INSURANCE
Don't pay any advance on fire insurance. Come to the H. L. Miller Co., 109 S. Brand blvd. Both phones. 50tf

EXPERT PRUNING—Done by N. A. Sears. Work wanted. N. A. Sears, 1137 E. Elk St., Glendale, Cal. Phone 77-W. 113t6*

RING UP YOUNG, THE REPAIR MAN, Glde. 276-R. to repair your plumbing, stoves and heaters and to do all kinds of repairing. I guarantee my work. 117t6*

WANTED—Buick 6, touring. Will sell or trade my Buick 6 roadster. Evenings. Glendale 251. 118t3*

WANTED—Refined lady to do light housework and help mother with baby. Permanent work to right party. Apply No. 400 No. Isabel St., Glendale. 118t6*

WANTED — Women, Glendale Laundry. 118tf

MONEY TO LOAN

MONEY TO LOAN—Calvin Whiting, 110 S. Brand. 88tf.

EGG-VIEW NOTE

The infant terrible gazed intently at the head of a visitor which was as bald as a billiard ball. His mother trembled, for she knew of what the darling was capable. "Mamma," suddenly remarked the boy, "when this gentleman has been in mischief do they spank him on the head?"—Christian Classics.

How marriage changes a man. Before we were married Henry's display of affection was positively overdone."

"And now?"

"Now it is very rare."

RIGHT THERE

"In this story of sea life it says that the arrogant captain turned on his heel and walked aft."

"And what did the scorned young hero do?"

"Oh, he was game. He walked after."

FILING HIS QUESTIONNAIRE

"What is your name?"

"Calhoun Clay, sah."

"Can you sign your name?"

"Sah?"

"I ask if you can write your name."

"Well, no, sah. I nebber writes ma name. Ah dictates it, sah."

TRY US—WE SELL
RUGS, FURNITURE
WINDOW SHADES, LINOLEUMS
GLENDALE HOUSEFURNISHING CO.
417 Brand Blvd., Glendale, Cal.

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Madge Kennedy

—IN—

"A Perfect Lady"

Also a Christie Comedy

Don't Forget Matinee at 2:30

Two evening shows, 7 and 8:45

Fanset DYE WORKS None Better

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We have a Notary Public in our office now and write all kinds of Legal Papers, Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, etc.

Also Insurance at same rate for 20 years past.

H. L. MILLER CO.

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Milk and Cream bottled under the most sanitary conditions. Delivered fresh morning and evening seven hours after milking.

Call us up for a trial order.

SPECIAL BABY MILK

Creamery and Ranch, 755 W. Doran St. Sunset 154. Home 1003.

SEWING MACHINE SERVICE

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TALKING MACHINE

Guaranteed Repairs at Reasonable Rates

"Everything in Music"

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Glendale Phonograph & Piano Co.

123 N. Brand, nr. Palace Grand

Glendale 90 Main 190

Advertise it, or advertise for it in the Evening News.

Personals

Born—Jan. 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. Clifford H. Cunningham, Hoquiam, Washington, a son.

Atty. C. L. Chandler returned this morning from a business trip to Bakersfield.

Mrs. Glenwood Jones is entertaining a few friends Wednesday afternoon at her home on Ivy street.

Mrs. W. W. Hamilton, of 321 West Garfield street, is seriously ill of influenza. Her condition is very critical.

A. J. Becker, of South Central avenue, is confined to his home with influenza, but at last accounts was doing nicely.

Friends of John Sharpe will be sorry to learn that he has had to go into quarantine on account of a light case of influenza.

Mrs. Bloor, mother of James Bloor, who is on the staff of the Los Angeles Express, is confined to her home on North Maryland avenue with a severe cold.

R. H. Kimball, of West Garfield street, who had been confined to his home for a couple of weeks with an attack of the influenza, was able to be on the streets Tuesday.

Paul H. Steinmeyer, of Louise St., who is still at Camp Kearny, is now a supply sergeant, but he is not looking for army honors, but discharge, which he hopes will come soon.

Miss Lois Duncan, daughter of Dr. A. M. Duncan of San Fernando Road, has returned to her school at Brea which has reopened after being closed for several weeks on account of influenza.

Fred Myton, of North Maryland avenue, is now at work on a scenario for Bessie Barriscale at the Robert Brunton studio. It is being directed by the husband of the actress, Howard Hickman.

E. M. Moffatt, who enlisted in the Aero Squadron last March and was sent to Kelly Field, is still there. When last heard from he was recuperating from an operation and looking for discharge.

Glendale friends have received messages from Jesse H. Flower stating that he arrived in New York Saturday from France and expected to be sent to Camp Mills before coming west to be discharged.

The officers of Greater Glendale Development Association request your presence at the regular weekly meeting of the Association to be held in the Victor Hotel room, opposite the post-office, this evening. at 7:30 o'clock.

The friends of Carl D. Engle, who is with Company A, 316th Ammunition Train, are hoping that he is en route for home, because a part of his Division, the 91st, has landed in New York. When last heard from he was in Cornay.

Little Mary Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Campbell, is now considered out of danger, after a very serious attack of influenza. The quarantine was lifted last week and she is now able to be about.

Mrs. Alice Myton Linebaugh, of Hutchinson, Kansas, was the guest for a few days of Mrs. M. Myton, of North Maryland avenue. Mrs. Linebaugh has taken an apartment at the Ansonia, across from Westlake Park in Los Angeles for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. J. H. Heinmiller, of Wilson avenue, states that her son, Corporal John Henry Heinmiller, who has been at Camp Lewis since last March, has been sent to Camp Kearny for demobilization and she is expecting his return to his home almost any day.

W. C. T. U. members are requested to meet Wednesday afternoon, as soon as possible after lunch, at the home of Mrs. O. S. Palmer, at 1008 Colorado boulevard, to tie comforters and do sewing for overseas relief. The ladies are asked to bring a sewing outfit.

On account of the general interest in the New Era movement among Presbyterian churches, the girls of the I. C. O. class and the young men's bible class of the Tropico Presbyterian Sunday School, will attend the rally at Emmanuel Church in Los Angeles next Sunday morning.

The Woman's Bible Class of the Baptist Church was entertained last week at the home of Mrs. Houdyshel, its teacher. Twenty-five or thirty members of the church took in at various sessions the Southern California Baptist Convention at Hollywood last week.

Henry W. Ralston and family moved Monday from 684 W. Broadway to 501 W. Colorado, the old Colton place, which has just been thoroughly repaired and modernized. Mr. Ralston is a teacher of athletics and an actor and his five children, four girls and a boy, are all actors.

IF Your clothes get greasy, dirty and shabby-looking, we'll fix them. Fifteen years' experience. Ask for our man to call. Good work and service. Phone: Glen. 207, Blue 220

GLENDALE DYE WORKS

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Just to Show YOU That Booth

Sells at just as low prices as Los Angeles.

CRISCO

30c, 45c, 90c and $1.80

Oleo, Marigold, 39c lb.

Nut Oleo, 40c and 43c

Good Luck Oleo 45c

Pink Beans 10c lb.

Best Bread, large loaf, 12c.

Macaroni, Spaghetti or Noodles 9c Pkt., 3 for 25c

AT BOOTH'S

IN GLENDALE

On Your Own Doorstep

318 E. Broadway, Glendale.

Sunset Phone 1434

AS MAJOR LEE SAW IT

(Continued from Page Two)

regularity of the overlapping shell holes. Trench systems wound through this desolation with wire entanglements in horrid intricacy before them. The amount of unshot-off shells was surprising to me, from small ones about two inches in diameter and eight inches long, neatly piled up like cord-wood, up to huge shells nine inches in diameter which were each in wicker carriers. Some of these were perhaps gas shells, and through the fields one could see unexploded duds, often put on end to make their avoidance more easy. The trees were shattered and often times cut right off, the place of breakage showing pulverized splintering. The telegraph wires were along the ground or on sapling poles, raising them a few feet only, and near the trench systems were often dugouts, varying from simple earth holes to those utilizing wood or sheet iron as a support for the dirt. Here German signs could be seen, too, and the road showed evidence that frequent repairs had taken place, and even then on this road military repairmen were at work.

When we left this, the main road from Soissons to Laon, and swung about to get back across the Aisne to the road to Rheims (pronounced Rance, like France), we entered a region of utter solitude and complete destruction. Here villages not only at times showed walls alone standing and not a roof left nor any height of wall, but at times a hole on the wayside showing steps and on exploration the stone-walled cellar was the only evidence of where a house had been. Here we also saw more German guide signs and also where dugouts and shelters had been occupied by considerable numbers of troops. A favorite form of these were of corrugated iron, bent so that two pieces, one on either side, met in a channel iron ridge pole and gave a cross section like a horse-shoe. Sometimes these were 30 feet in length, often only 10; and some had names over them. These huts were generally under the protection of some hill.

We reached Vailly, where our troops were in the late summer, and were in the Valley of the Aisne, when our motor which had been acting badly, got worse, and about half a mile from Soupis it gave out entirely. We hoped that only overheating had occurred, so walked up to the devastated chateau, destroyed in the initial onrush in 1914, and one of the finest in France up until that time, now desolated, but with enough standing to indicate its former magnificence, such as an entrance of huge wrought iron gates, protected by a moat, and just inside, statuary lining the avenue, but not recognizable as to what it had been. The roofless walls, here and there, still showed what the original building must have been, and to the side demolished stables; houses for servants, extensive conservatories and the like, none of which offered a place for one now; not a roof or an undamaged room. Down the road a short distance from here was a modern villa, shown by the design and also by steel floor beams having been used with concrete, that this was a huge hole, just taking out 10 feet of front wall, back wall and of the concrete and iron floor. Imagine the sensation the passage of such a shell must have caused for yards about. Up to this time for three hours we had seen not a bit of life on the ground. No humans, cattle, horses, sheep, pigs, dogs or chickens; a few crows in the air and an aeroplane far above were the only things alive, save our party; but here our attention was caught by movement, and a cat followed by a well-grown kitten approached. They looked clean and well-fed, from hunting field mice, I guess, and they purred and rubbed against us as though most glad again to welcome companions. They followed us back to the car, now hors-de-combat.

We decided that lunch was the best preparation for a council of war and so devoured our last food. We were about 15 miles from Soissons, the nearest place for any help; but there only a military motor company, but we thought we could get towed in there and then get word to Paris, and be where we could look again for food and quarters; so Tarnowsky and I started on to walk. We had gone about five miles, when wonder of wonders a Ford ambulance appeared coming toward us. We stopped it, found it came from Soissons, one of a company attached to the French, and that it would return in about half an hour. It was taking up a French officer to see where his son was laid, died pro patrie, and it would bring him back; so we desisted from our walk and waited for it to come, sending word up for the other two to come, leaving the chauffeur only to guard the car. When it came we rode three in front and five inside, but the Ford hustled along without trouble. We went back through the Aisne Valley and so avoided the hills and long detour of our morning ride.

On arriving at the station we found the only train for 24 hours left in five minutes, so on advice Col. Martin and I boarded it for Paris, 75 kilometers away—I because my leave expired yesterday and it seemed the only chance to get back. On inquiring after starting I found the train was due at 7:30 p. m., leaving me an hour to get the right train back (4 hours for 45 miles), but the early part was through destroyed country where we crept along very cautiously, one long tunnel evidently having had the entrances blown up, for now heavy timbering showed temporary supports. We arrived in P. on time, so I had enough time to register in at the Gare du Nord and out at the Gare de l'Est (quite an intricate time-consuming thing with the Asst. Provost Marshall's clerks) and also got a hasty bite between. I fortunately found the train this way not crowded, had a comfortable seat and even space to lie down later, changed to our local train at 4:30 a. m. and arrived here two hours late yesterday morning without having shaved or washed decently in 48 hours.

Our weather was bright until here, but here the rainy season seems to have started in earnest. Found additions had been made in our absence to conserve heat, and quite a few casual officers here, but very few patients and nothing urgent, some of our other officers also gone on leave to Nice. One C. O. returned last night from Paris, where he attended the last A. R. C. Medical Research meeting Friday and Saturday. He had no definite news of any future movements, but seemed to think we would be out of this particular locality in about 60 days, as he said "at Paris all agreed we would be home in 90 days, but no one knew when the proper date occurred from which to begin counting." However, some are already getting orders for home, mainly so far casuals and those unattached to units. But the desire to participate in such a journey seems quite unanimous. One nice thing about my return was that I found quite a lot of October mail here and yesterday some more came of October 27th and 28th, so that the next batch ought to soon come in November, and when you knew that the armistice had been signed. I suppose really no one knows yet just what method of demobilization will be used or the order and speed that will be possible, but it seems reasonable that such outfits as base units would be early beneficiaries of such a migration. I am feeling well, and though our weather now is sharp we have our particular room fixed up so that we keep cosy without trouble.

If our motor trip had gone through as planned, it would have been a rare one, but even terminating as it did, it gave me a comprehensive view of the terrain where some of the greatest battles were fought and my first glimpse of the real front. It is impossible to convey the impression by word of mouth but I hope every participant in the peace conference will have been over the front to have this picture for reference as to what terms are necessary. From events to date the terms will necessarily be accepted whatever they are, and I for one am in favor of having the Huns lie on the bed they have made. I guess Lloyd George, Clemenceau, et al., will take care of it, too.

Ever affectionately your son,

GEORGE.

I am at Bazoilles-sur-Meuse, about four miles out of Neuf Chateaux on the R. R. line to Langres, the fortified town I visited lately. My first trip was to St. Die through Merecourt and Epinal, my second to Gerardmer north of St. Die.

IT'S A HOP

Mansford Barnes and Fred Dodge, two young men of Glendale's younger set, are giving a subscription dance at Masonic Temple next Friday evening, January 24th. They announce it as a dance with "lots of pep and punch" and "very jazzy music," the pianist being Myron Higby of Stanford. It is expected that all the younger set, married and unmarried, will come out to enjoy the function.

BONE-DRY HEROISM

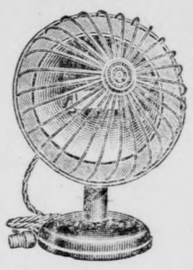
During the St. Mihiel campaign, as I approached the slope of one of our emplacements, I saw my sergeant stretched out bleeding and groaning. I put my arms around him and said: "Cheer up, Sergeant, the stretchers are on their way. I want you to go back, recover and return. In the meantime I will recommend you for a Croix de Guerre."

At this he slightly moved his head, and his expression changed as he said, "Sir, a quart of what?"

Advertise it, or advertise for it in the Evening News.

OUR PRICE

$7.50



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Is You Home a 1919 Model?

Is it modern and attractive, well painted, with a nice sleeping porch or sun parlor?

Have you those convenient built-in features such as cupboards, closets, book cases and mirrored doors? These home accessories plus a satisfied and loving wife make an up-to-date home.

If you lack any of these see us. We guarantee to furnish all but the last, and can offer helpful hints to assist even there.

Be a self-starter. Call and see our Modern Home display of actual photos showing all the latest models. Rich in design and just as convenient as they are attractive.

"LET BENTLEY BUILD IT."

Bentley-Schoeneman Lumber Co.

Building Service and Materials.

202 E. Broadway (Near P. E. Depot)

GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA.

OWN YOUR OWN HOME

THEODORE ROOSEVLT

A man of men, a princely man
Who lived, who dared, who felt,
Has fallen e'er his sun was set,
Our Teddy Roosevelt.

He fell, not as one weak and worn,
But to the summons knelt
A giant oak by lightning's force,
Our Teddy Roosevelt.

A man who knew no doubt nor fear,
No German bomb could melt
The courage of this dauntless man—
Our Teddy Roosevelt.

With men and jungles, thrones and kings,
With mighty powers he dealt;
Nor is he dead—he still lives on—
Our Teddy Roosevelt.

SO THERE!

He (registering extreme irritation)—"Didn't some idiot propose to you before I married you?"

She (sweetly and calmly)—"There did."

He—"Then, why the devil didn't you marry him?"

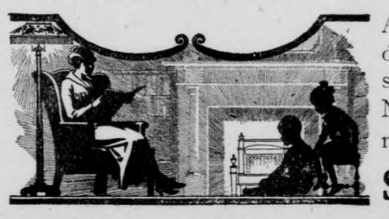
She—"I did."

THAT COVERS A LOT

The man who spends his time sitting on a nail-keg at the grocery store ranks as a producer along with the hen that sits on a door knob, except that she is honest in her intentions.

Advertise it, or advertise for it in the Evening News.

THE HUMPHREY RADIANTFIRE



A glowing mass of incandescent, radiant heat, for instant use in your fireplace. No flame, no smoke, no dirt, no odor.

Sunset 714. 112 W. Broadway

Southern California Gas Company

FIFTY HAPPY YEARS

(Continued from Page 1)

the other by their son-in-law, H. V. Adams, which are published herewith:

O PARENTS, DEAR

O Mother Dear,
O Father Dear,
How could we love you more?
This fifty years
May have some tears
But the joys are by the score.

You've sheltered us,
You've cared for us,
You've reared us in good name
Tho' we depart,
We're good at heart
And love you just the same.

You've saved for us,
You've slaved for us,
You've left no work undone.
You've wept for us,
You've prayed for us,
That evil we might shun.

So now today
We homage pay
To you, our parents, dear.
We'll ne'er forget
Nor yet regret
That you have brought us here.

To you our health
To you our wealth
We owe—we daughters four.
O! Mother Dear,
O! Father Dear,
How could we love you more?

MRS. EMMELINE WHEATLEY.

* * *

OUR GOLDEN WEDDING

Fifty years have rolled around
Since you and I were wed.
We've had all kinds of times
Just like the preacher said.

We've had many happy days
And days that weren't so jolly.
The happy days, when we were wise.
The bad days, due to folly.

The good days, keep in mind.
The bad days—let's forget.
And be so happy, dear,
To think we ever met.

For the joys which we have known
Far outweigh the days of storm.
And now reviewing all the years
Our hearts are glad and warm.

So now together let us say:
"It has really been just fine.
I'm glad I harnessed up
With that sweetheart of mine."

H. V. A.

Those 30 years in the little Iowa town were strenuous for Mrs. Topliff as well as for her husband since she was equally energetic and ambitious. In 1880 she opened a millinery store, and from that time on did dressmaking and millinery even when they were making their home on the farm at the edge of the town. She was a leader in all good work, always doing what she could to help the community. The Topliff home was always open and the wayfaring man could always get a square meal at their hospitable board.

In 1886 Mr. and Mrs. Topliff and their family joined the Seventh Day Adventist Church and still cherishing that belief they are happy to be found among God's commandment keepers.

They are parents of four daughters, Mrs. Adams, of Pasadena, who entertained in celebration of their golden wedding anniversary, as already mentioned; Mrs. Van Slyke, of New York City; Mrs. Miller, of Des Moines, and Mrs. Wheatley, of Loma Linda, Cal.

Incidents of Fifty Years

Mr. and Mrs. Topliff were married when quite young—she being only 17 and he 19 years of age. December 25, 1868, was the wedding day. Both being very ambitious, and wanting a home of their very own, they decided to pioneer. March 1st found them on the frontier in cold Minnesota. They pre-empted 160 acres of wild land, built a pine box hut with a sod roof. Because they were not versed in the use of sod as a building material, this roof leaked badly, and was once the occasion of what might have proved a serious accident. Mrs. Topliff had done the weekly washing and was about to carry it out to spread on the wood-pile to dry, they having no clothes line and there being no lawn on which to lay the clothes, when she thought she would just take the baby with her. Being the first born, the parents were unusually careful of her. By the way, that baby is now Mrs. Adams. They had scarcely left the hut when the roof caved in, covering the furniture with a heavy blanket of dirt. But so long as the baby was safe, who cared? In addition to the baby, they owned a yoke of oxen, and many a speed-limit breaking ride they took behind that team. The spring seat had no springs at all, being simply a board across the wagon box. Often they went fishing and got lots of fish. But pioneering was discouraging work in those days—what with hard winds and grasshoppers, birds, coyotes, to destroy their crops and kill the stock, and the young bride got homesick and disgusted. No neighbors within seven miles, and Indians frequently passing, it's no wonder they longed for Iowa and the homefolks. So hitching up the oxen, with all their household goods, they started back to Iowa. It was slow going, but in due time they arrived back where their own folks lived. Mr. Topliff painted some and farmed some. In 1876, he took the "go-west" fever again, and decided to go southwest with a young lawyer from the home town, and leaving the wife and two little girls, he started out with a team and wagon over muddy roads and almost no roads down to Missouri.

Mrs. Topliff had learned the tailor trade and dressmaking, so she might assist in meeting the family expenses. In three months she and the two little girls joined Mr. Topliff, and they were at home in Eagleville, Mo. But Mrs. Topliff's ability as a modiste and artist found small chance for expression in a country of black slat sunbonnets and calico skirts. She begged her husband to move back to good old Iowa once more. They loaded up their little belongings and shortly landed in Davis City, Iowa. As soon as they reached the state line, Mrs. Topliff said she could see the difference—the people looked more civilized.

Many things happened in the 30 years which the family spent in Davis City. Only a few can be mentioned. The town was incorporated, and the whiskey crowd had things pretty much their own way. The good citizens formed a vigilance committee and one night called a meeting of all the law-abiding folk. While they were holding their meeting the town toughs painted the town red. The best citizens prevailed upon Mr. Topliff to act as town marshall. He accepted, and soon it became noised around that "Bob"—for everybody called him "Bob"—that "Bob" Topliff was the new marshall. For awhile things ran smoothly and the lawless element took a little time to study the new officer. He was not of their sort they knew. They had known him only as a quiet man of industrious habits and who tended strictly to his own business. Of what might lie behind this unrevealing exterior they were not sure. He did not strut after the way of former marshals. He made no boasts of what he intended to do, and the attitude was new to the lawless chaps.

One day two or three of the would-be "toughs" loaded themselves up with bad whiskey and started out to see what would happen. It happened so suddenly and was all over with so quickly that they were not sure what had occurred, only that they were in the town calaboose and were nursing some very sore spots on their anatomy. The liquor had befuddled their brains and they could not exactly decide whether they had been in a runaway, or a cyclone, or just a plain fight. Anyhow here they were now in a fine plight. When they had sobered up the marshal came around to see how the "birds" were feeling. "Say, Bob, what all you got us in here for?" they demanded. "Oh," said Bob, "you were wandering around rather loose like and I was afraid you might get hurt, somebody might step on you, don't you know, so I put you in here to keep you out of harm's way. Oh, no, you don't need to thank me, boys. I always like to help a fellow out when I can. Now run along home to mamma and tell her to shut you up in the closet when you feel like breaking loose."

The boys were somewhat crestfallen over the experience and for some time walked carefully, of course they soon learned what had happened to them and that the new marshal was at the bottom of it all. When they had forgotten, as men will forget, they broke out again and to show their prowess they even boasted of what would happen to the marshal when they met him. They met him again and met him in so many places all at once that they lost all sense of direction, and before they scarcely realized it, found themselves on downy beds of soft straw in the lock-up. The second dose was enough and the little would-be toughs decided to be good.

The real bad fellows had been watching this comic opera, and wondered how the marshal could handle those fellows so easily. Bob Topliff was not a big man. He was only about 5 feet 9 in height, and weighed about 150. Surely that fellow could not handle real men. Anyhow they were not afraid of any officer and when they got good and ready they would show him who was who. And they did. When the first one of them started on his customary rampage the new marshal stepped up to him very quietly and invited the big fellow to go with him. The outlaw looked upon the officer with contempt and requested him to go to a much warmer place. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he felt fists in his face, boots in his stomach, and muscles of steel gripping him by the neck until all the stars were shining in broad day. He promptly wilted as all such characters always wilt when they feel that a real man has them in charge. And the experience made him and all his tribe a little more wary. They decided that bluff and bluster would not work with that fellow. Topliff not one bit afraid of any of them. He was quick as lightning and was was not a physical giant but he certainly was well muscled and he was sure to make the first move if given any chance at all. They must keep a respectful distance and watch for a chance. When one is dealing with a tiger and a buzz saw and a threshing machine all at once and in one man, it behooves him to proceed with caution. Accordingly, the next tough to break over did so when he thought Bob was not on the reservation. Here he reckoned wrong for Bob was always on the job day and night. All at once, from nowhere, the marshal was almost upon him. With quick wit the bad man jumped upon his horse and was off for Missouri. But Bob knew all the cut-offs and had his wits with him all the time. On foot he starts across an open block to head off the horse and his rider. The rider saw him coming and urged his horse to a greater burst of speed. Surely he would now be safe, for how could a man on foot cope with a man on a swiftly running horse. He would laugh at the officer, and he turned to give him the haw-haw. His mouth opened, but no sound came from it, for suddenly he saw a body hurtling through the air as though it had been shot from some mighty bow, and arms of steel had gripped him about the waist. In one second it was all over with and the tough was on the ground, his arms pinioned behind his back and the breath well nigh gone from his body. This was surely some new way of making an arrest and it was not according to the rules. He was not able to adjust himself to the changed order for weeks. But he certainly had an increased respect for one certain upholder of the law. A man who would resort to such fearless and unconventional methods was a real fellow. Even criminals respect fearlessness in an officer of the law.

The bad men now knew that they had a real man to deal with. Of whatever offenses they should hereafter be guilty it must not be a trifling matter and they must be thoroughly prepared. For some time there was such a period of quiet as the town had not known for years. People began to breathe easy and feel a great sense of security. Fear of that plain, quiet fellow who could with the quickness of a lightning flash transform himself into a fighting demon, filled the hearts of the would-be bad fellows. Here was a man who was not afraid, and because he was not afraid they were afraid. But oneriness and bad liquor overcame their fears, and two who had resolved to become real desperadoes one day broke loose. They were brothers and were known to be bad clear through. Heretofore they had always been rather sneaking in their criminality. Now they resolved to become bold, bad men and fully armed, they appeared upon the streets threatening the lives of all their real and fancied enemies. Topliff soon heard what was doing and contrary to his usual custom he armed himself for the fray. He seldom carried shooting irons or weapons of any sort, but this day he prepared himself for desperate work. Calling his deputy he started for the scene of trouble. He promptly arrested the younger one of the boys, but neglected to search him for weapons. He thought the boys were only bluffing and took no precautions. The young fellow was cowed by the coolness of the marshal and started meekly with him to the cooler. They had proceeded about a block when they reached a cross street. Topliff is leading his prisoner over the crossing, when the brother of the arrested man turns the corner and seeing his brother under arrest calls out to him: "Hi, what youall doing with that fellow? Come on home with me. Don't let that .... pup take you to jail." Topliff called to his deputy to bring that fellow along also. The deputy took a step toward the older fellow when quick as a flash the criminal pulled a revolver and shot the deputy dead in his tracks. Then turning his revolver upon Topliff ordered him to release his brother at once. Topliff at once maneuvered to keep the man he was holding between himself and the desperado. In the meanwhile a great crowd was gathering across the way and no one seemed to know what to do, or he was afraid to do it. Valentine was seeking a chance to shoot Topliff and Hyrum was trying to get away. Topliff could not get hold of his gun while holding his man. For seconds that seemed like hours they thus struggled. Valentine fired several shots and managed to strike Topliff on the left cheek the bullet going through his neck and barely missing the jugular vein. Another shot struck Topliff in the side and arm, temporarily paralyzing his left arm which then dropped helpless to his side. This enabled Hyrum to break away and he immediately joined his brother Valentine on the walk. Then both boys turned their guns upon the staggering marshal who was becoming weak from loss of blood but he stuck in the fight and with his good right arm got his gun into play. He was too weak to shoot accurately, but he managed to hit Valentine in one arm which so disabled the leader of the two that he turned to run and called to his brother to follow. Friends of Topliff carried him into a nearby store and the doctor soon had him bandaged up and feeling fit for more battle. From now on he was known as "Plucky Bob." More than ever the fear of him was in the hearts of the remaining bad men thereabouts and now they knew that he would even shoot if need be. The two desperadoes who thus brought the situation to such a crisis made their escape to the Ozarks of Southern Missouri, and were finally killed by a posse seeking to arrest them.

The outlaw element was now quite thoroughly subdued and for sometime that community was as quiet and orderly as you would find anywhere. The peace became intolerable to the toughs and one night, all doped up with bad whiskey, they formed a mob and marched up the hill to Topliff's house threatening to make away with him. The leader rapped upon the door and when Mrs. Topliff opened it and saw the mob she nearly collapsed. But recovering her composure she asked what they wanted. They replied that they had come for Bob. She told them he was down town. They started down the street, and about half way to town they met "Plucky Bob." He stopped a few steps in front of the leader and asked him what they wanted. His coolness put fear into their hearts and the whole mob broke into a wild scramble to get as far away from that particular spot as soon as possible and the sooner the better. Topliff did not even know what they had wanted, but he knew they were scared. He hadn't a weapon of any kind upon his person, but the mob did not know that and they were afraid there might be some shooting and none of them wanted to be shot that evening anyhow. This ridiculous proceeding of the mob soon became noised abroad, and the individual members of the mob kept a very discreet silence about the entire affair.

The toughs were tamed, but a disreputable dealer in the town was still trying to stir up more trouble, and he succeeded. Topliff arrested him in his saloon and proceeded with him to the mayor's office. Here, a great outbreak had been secretly planned for, and at the given signal someone extinguished the only oil lamp which illuminated the office and suddenly pandemonium broke loose. When the battle was over and all who could conveniently get away had made a quick and undignified exit, someone lighted the lamp and behold "Plucky Bob" had the ringleader of the gang, that disreputable liquor man, on the floor thoroughly subdued, and Bob was sitting calmly on the saloon man's somewhat corpulent stomach. Not for one minute had he released his man, and the prisoner was a powerfully built fellow, too.

Shortly after this event, the saloons were put out of the town, and in process of time the village became the peaceful, law-abiding place which nature had always intended when she provided such a lovely spot for a town. To this delightful end no man contributed more than did "Plucky Bob" Topliff. He pioneered in the work of cleaning up the town. He did such a thorough job that some years later when the town was once closed so tight that even a town councilman could hardly get a bit o' booze, there was one of the aforesaid councilmen who had somehow managed to get some firewater and was making himself obnoxious to decent folks. Topliff, who for years had not filled the marshal's office, but was now temporarily acting in that capacity, proceeded to arrest the councilman and started in post haste for the lock-up. To this the dignitary objected. Why, it was outrageous to put a councilman in jail for getting drunk. He started to show fight, but he only started, for Topliff never had allowed his prisoners to go further than that in their resistance, and though now a much older man than when his reputation for quick action had been made, he did some more quick moves and a few minutes later the councilman was coming to in the calaboose and looking through the iron grating of the door, was begging Topliff to please, pretty please, let him out of that infernal place. No, Bob would not let him out. Then he offered Bob $10 to let him out. Bob said some things to him that would not sound well in the parlor and left him on his pallet of straw to silent contemplation. Not long after this event that councilman had left the burg for good and the last of the old gang was gone. There remains only the memory of those strenuous days, and one visiting Davis City now and standing upon "the bridge" looking upon the peaceful river below and gazing over to the beautiful park, he would never suspect that the town had ever been anything but the quiet village which it is now.

HIS BUSIEST WEEK

Father—"Listen, Marie! I understand that that young Van Dusen chap is a loafer!"

Daughter—"Listen, papa! I met him Monday, he took me motoring on Tuesday, swore eternal devotion Wednesday, proposed Thursday, and is going to break the news of our engagement to you tonight, which is Friday; if you call that loafing on a job, I'll give up."

AS USUAL

Little Constant (aged five)—"Mamma, my stomach says it's time for dinner."

Mamma—"Well, dear, go and see what the clock says."

Little Constant (a moment later)—"The clock says my stomach is ten minutes fast."

Edith—"That dreadful looking old man her husband? I don't see what she married him for."

Marie—"I don't think she sees much of what she married him for either."

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CONGRESSMEN FORECAST NEW APPOINTMENTS

(Special Service to Glendale Evening News)

Congressmen today declared that if Secretary Baker resigns Senator J. Hamilton Lewis will be appointed to succeed Attorney General Gregory and some Southerner will be named to succeed Baker.

PRELIMINARIES OCCUPY PEACE CONFERENCE

(Special Service to Glendale Evening News)

Paris, Jan. 21.—Following a long conference on the Russian situation, the supreme peace council resumed its sessions this afternoon in an effort to clear away the remaining preliminary business.

IMPORTANT HEALTH HINT

The secret of health is to live the life for which we are constituted; but for centuries man has ignored this truth and the loss of his health is the penalty demanded from him for having in his great cities permitted social development to outstrip natural evolution. Today his knowledge is sufficient to enable him to work with Nature instead of against her; to undo many of the evils that he has unwittingly created; and save the lives of his offspring now sacrificed to the blind driving forces of industry. To apply this knowledge widespread, is one of the first tasks of peace.—William A. Brend.

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